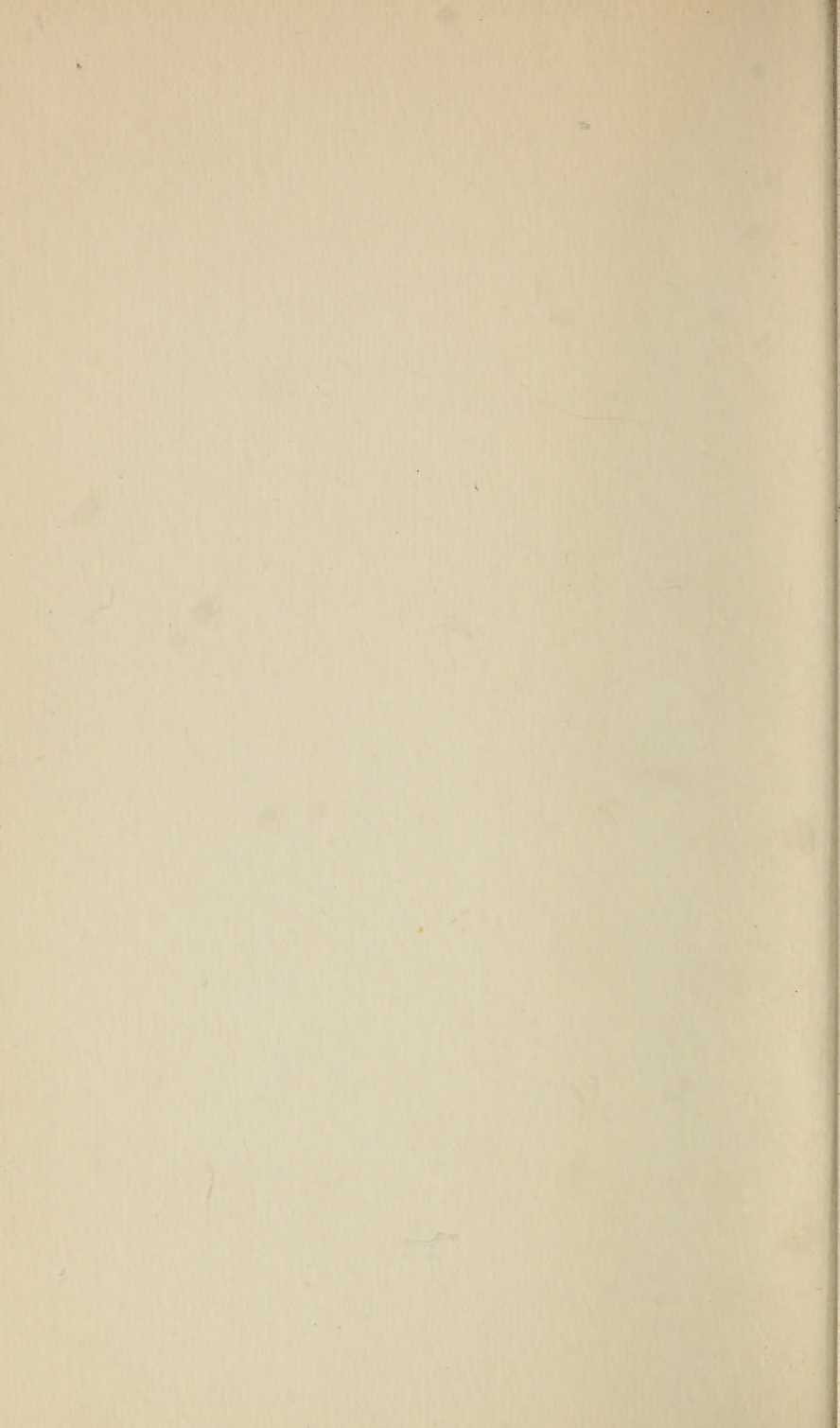


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THE RELIGIOUS POEMS
OF
LIONEL JOHNSON



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LIONEL JOHNSON

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THE RELIGIOUS POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON

Being a Selection from his Collected
Works. With a Preface by
Wilfrid Meynell



LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS
CORK STREET

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PREFACE

THE name of Lionel Johnson labels a traditionalist, not only in literature but in life. The boy who loved his Winchester had that logic of sentiment which took him back to Winchester's founder and his faith. The Oxford of lost causes, which are always being refound, was that which added its fragile son to the nest of singers who became the religious neophytes of "the nineties." Lionel Johnson is the label for a Christian of high, however defeated, endeavour; for a poet endeared to us, even in those tones that are "lower than his greatness," as Emerson somewhere says, speaking of Coleridge. As all this, and more than all this, the label remains to us in his written word and in the printed loyalties of those who loved him. It is a keen joy to see it placed on the title-page of a volume containing the most directly religious, and therefore the most deeply vital, of his poems.

Lionel Johnson was English born, at Broadstairs, a geographical detail one needs perhaps to recall when reading the poetry he gave to Ireland. But if the call of his Gaelic blood resounds in his verse,

he did not hang up an exile's harp in his "In England." So vigilant a scrutineer as Thomas MacDonagh passes him as "truly Irish." For his heart set no boundaries; and the list of merely natural objects of his love "In England" carries with it the confession that his "days have been divine." Of Winchester, where he passed six years, and of Oxford, where he passed four more, he could say what Mr. Belloc says of Balliol, they "made" him. He is of the "singing masons" who built anew those colleges on their old foundations. Even in "The Art of Thomas Hardy" the critic in him becomes subject to the lover of the land, and of its local lore.

Nevertheless, for Lionel Johnson the Oxford of his love must also have been the Oxford of his unrest. Its immediate memories and trends could inflame but not content those who loved beauty and loved love. They were even beset by a peril that natures, and fine natures among his contemporaries, did not in fact escape. We must turn to an earlier generation, to men like Pater (whom Lionel Johnson loved and sang) and John Addington Symonds, for a clue to the immediate legacy entered upon by their successors of sensitive and therefore soaring hearts. The creed of the author of the "History of the Renaissance" is expressed in an early couplet, which we print solidly lest anyone,

looking casually at the page, should mistake it for Lionel Johnson's: "The love of man and beast and tree, Is medicine and divinity." Then, in later life, he adjures Leander: "Why prate of gods and heaven-born things? Be thou thyself, victorious boy! There need no wide aërial wings, No immortalities of joy. Thine is the true, the sole ideal: Man knows nought lovelier than the real." To these proclamations of Symonds, a master of craft if an amateur of life, who might seem to be so absorbed in the fairness of earth that he could set aside heaven as a superfluity, it is but due to add a final extract from one of his letters: "Alas for us, that we who feel the realities of beauty and emotion so acutely, and have such power at times to render them by words or forms for others, should also feel with such poignant intensity the grim vacuity of the universe, the irrationality of life, the illusory and transitory nature of the ground on which we tread, the flesh that clothes us round, the passions that fret our brains, the duties we perform, the thoughts that keep our will upon the stretch through months of useless labour."

Lionel Johnson divined for himself the failure thus precisely expressed. In the Oxford of close friendships, and the companionship of men who had what Meredith calls "the gift of intimacy," the need of discipline, of a rule, of an authentic "Yes" and

"No," became apparent. Speaking of a group of such men, some of them Lionel Johnson's friends, a discerning writer says: "What English artist for a fifty years has made a Madonna and Child? Aubrey Beardsley made one. What poet had sung of the Last Sacraments? Ernest Dowson's most beautiful verses are on Extreme Unction. Lionel Johnson has not been a rebel. Nevertheless, his name connects one form of failure with the literary life of his day, and with an ardent adherence to Religion." Far from Oxford the same re-discovery was being made, that only "by grace Divine, Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine!" The author of "The Hound of Heaven" was Lionel Johnson's contemporary, and it may be of interest to put on record that they met. To Francis Thompson, Johnson addressed his "Sursum Corda" lines:

Lift up your hearts! We lift
 Them up
To God, and to God's gift,
 The Passion Cup.
Lift up your hearts! Ah, so
 We will:
Through storm of fire or snow,
 We lift them still.

Those two men, both so fragile in body but so unconquerable in soul, when they were brought face to face, hardly spoke to one another—a

silence of understood implications and acceptances. They had their idiosyncracies in common. Of each it was said by amused friends, that if he wanted to get to church early in the morning he must not go to bed the night before.

Lionel Johnson, like Francis Thompson, wrote of Mangan autobiographically; wrote of him as "a wasted ghost," of whom it was hard at times to believe that "he was an intelligible, an explicable human being, and not some city faun." He adds: "As has been said of other poets, 'he hungered for better bread than can be made of wheat,' and would have contrived to lose his way, to be 'home-sick for eternity,' despite all earthly surroundings of happiness and ease."

Lionel Johnson was too big for local boundaries. He did not seem of our world, or of our era; and the name by which he was familiarly known in at least one circle was that of "The Changeling." Perhaps this is only to say that he was a citizen of a city not made with hands. The fervours of his religious verse betoken another loyalty than the ordinary. Here he had no abiding city. This is the note struck throughout his verse:

Eyes have their fill of light: in every voice
Lives its own music: but the dear light pales,
The golden music perishes. What choice,
What choice is ours, but tears? For the world fails.

Yet, Sun and Stars; yet, glory of the rose;
 Yet, eyes of light, voices of music! I
Know, that from mortal to immortal goes
Beauty: in triumph can the whole world die.

Again:

I know you: solitary griefs,
 Desolate passions, aching hours!
 I know you: tremulous beliefs,
 Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
 The starry spaces, full of fear:
 Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
 And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
 Publish their wistfulness abroad:
 I have not spoken of these things,
 Save to one man, and unto God.

The pathetic contradiction of the ending, the proclaiming of a silence, is lost in the larger paradox of human grief. The last two lines remain in the memory side by side with those which close "The Dark Angel":

Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
 Divine, to the Divinity.

Born in March 1867, he died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital 4 October 1902, the result of a fall on the kerb not far from the chamber in Cliffords' Inn which had served him for cell. His books were his breth-

ren. They observed silence, but they spoke to his soul. He made his confidences to some of them; and, where he actually wrote these on the flyleaf, they become our own. Mostly are they prayers for the writers whom he loved, and with whom, whether he knew them or not, he lived in close companionship. He lived with the Patron Saints and the Guardian Angels of all his friends.

Heaven were not Heaven, and they not there;

Heaven were no Heaven my friends away:

O Saints and Angels! hear the prayer,

I pray you every day.

The note of all his poetry belongs to both worlds. He did not need to make any recantations. His death was spared this pang. If its suddenness gave him no time to say even a goodbye, it found him with nothing to unsay. We can follow him, through these pages, through his last flight, and say to him what Abraham Cowley said to Crashaw: "Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old."

WILFRID MEYNELL.

I desire to record my best thanks to Mr. George F. Engelbach for the trouble he has taken in making this selection, which I know has been to him a labour of love.—EL. MA.

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RELIGIOUS POEMS

WINCHESTER

To the fairest!

Then to thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester! this verse of mine.
Ah, that loveliness of thine!
To have lived enchanted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls;
Whence a purpling glory pours
From high heaven's inheritors,
Throned within the arching stone!
To have wandered, hushed, alone,
Gently round thy fair, fern-grown
Chauntry of the Lilies, lying
Where the soft night winds go sighing
Round thy Cloisters, in moonlight
Branching dark, or touched with white:
Round old, chill aisles, where moon-smitten
Blanches the *Orate*, written
Under each worn, old-world face
Graven on Death's holy place!

TO LEO XIII

LEO! Vicar of Christ,
 His voice, His love, His sword:
 Leo! Vicar of Christ,
 Earth's Angel of the Lord:

Leo! Father of all,
 Whose are all hearts to keep:
 Leo! Father of all,
 Chief Shepherd of the sheep:

Leo! Lover of men,
 Through all the labouring lands:
 Leo! Lover of men,
 Blest by thine holy hands:

Leo! Ruler of Rome,
 Heir of its royal race:
 Leo! Ruler of Rome,
 King of the Holy Place:

Leo! Leo the Great!
 Glory, and love, and fear,
 Leo! Leo the Great!
 We give thee, great and dear:

Leo! God grant this thing:
 Might some, so proud to be
 Children of England, bring
 Thine England back to thee!

CHRISTMAS

I

SING *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*
 You daughters of Jerusalem!
 Keep sorrow for Gethsemani,
 And mourning for Mount Calvary!

Why are your lids and lashes wet?
 Here is no darkling Olivet.
 Sing *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*
 You daughters of Jerusalem!

*How should we sing of Bethlehem,
 We, daughters of Jerusalem?
 We are the people of the Jews:
 Our balms would soothe Him not, but bruise*

*Ah, Calvary! ah, Calvary!
 We wretched women cry to thee:
 We, daughters of Jerusalem;
 And enemies of Bethlehem.*

*With faces cast upon the dust,
 We weep those things, which do we must:
 Our tears embitter Calvary,
 And water thee, Gethsemani!*

Nay, *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*
 Poor daughters of Jerusalem!
 You know not, what you do: but He
 Will pardon you on Calvary.

II

Tres. HAIL to our brother Gabriel!
Now we, thy brothers, Michael,
And Raphael,
And Uriel,
Hail thee, come home from Israel!

Gabriel. I saw among the lilies dwell
Mary our Queen, who pleaseth well
The Spirit of our God. *All hail,*
Mary our Queen! Sing, thou in mail,
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel; thou,
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!
And sing thou *Hail!* whose pilgrims now
Shall climb the steep ways out of Hell,
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael!

Michael. I, Captain of the Lord God's host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
And give to Mary, loved of Him!

Uriel. I, Chief of the white Cherubim,
Give thanks to Mary: and to Him,
That Holy Child, Who shall be born,
King Jesus Christ, on Christmas morn.

Raphael. I, Prince of burning Seraphim,
Give praise, give praise, to Mary Queen,
With whom the Grace of God hath been.

Omnes. Now play through Heaven the Angel bell:
Make music of the Angelus!
The King is come to Israel:
The Queen of Heaven is found for us.

III

CHRIST hath Christ's Mother
Dicamus! Canamus!
Borne, our dear Brother,
Canamus! Dicamus!
In the stall of Bethlehem.
Then leave we all Jerusalem,
To kiss the King of Bethlehem:
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Come from the city!
Dicamus! Canamus!
God hath had pity
Canamus! Dicamus!
On His people Israel.
And pity will He have as well
On Gentiles beyond Israel:
Nunc vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Laud in the highest!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Now, Death, thou diest:
Canamus! Dicamus!

Lo! God goeth to His grave,
Us dead and dying men to save,
And bring the captives from the grave:

Quo vocibus gaudentibus

Dicamus! Canamus!

Gloriam.

Snows the land cover:

Dicamus! Canamus!

Lo! comes our Lover:

Canamus! Dicamus!

Comes a glory, comes a light:
Gold on snow and in the height:
Glory from the Light of Light!

Quin vocibus gaudentibus

Dicamus! Canamus!

Gloriam.

Praise to the Father!

Dicamus! Canamus!

Now will He gather

Canamus! Dicamus!

Us His helpless little ones
From endless Death's dominions:
Us, God the Father's little ones.

Cui vocibus gaudentibus,

Dicamus! Canamus!

Gloriam.

Praise to Son Jesus!

Dicamus! Canamus!

Him, whose Cross frees us
 Canamus! Dicamus!
From the cruel hand of sin.
Now first to Him our songs begin,
Since now our hearts have done with sin.
 Sic vocibus gaudentibus
 Dicamus! Canamus!
 Gloriam.

Praise Mary Mother!
 Dicamus! Canamus!
Mary, none other,
 Canamus! Dicamus!
Welcome might the Holy Ghost,
Because her soul was pure the most:
Now praise be to the Holy Ghost!
 Cui vocibus gaudentibus
 Dicamus! Canamus!
 Gloriam.

Praise, praise, and praises,
 Dicamus! Canamus!
Earth with Heaven raises
 Canamus! Dicamus!
To the glorious Trinity!
Sons of new morning, mingle we
With morning stars our melody:
 Et vocibus gaudentibus
 Dicamus! Canamus!
 Gloriam.

CAROLS

I

FAIR snow and winter wind,
 Be not unkind
 To this your King!
 Fall soft, and murmur mild,
 About the Child:
 Lest His first hour be suffering.

See! with large, gentle eyes,
 Close where He lies,
 Look ox and ass:
 They bow their patient, meek
 Heads to the weak
 Lamb, Who to sacrifice must pass.

Soon shall come Cross and Crown
 In Salem Town:
 But now at least,
 Rocked upon Mary's breast,
 Let Jesu rest:
 And all the earth keep Christmas Feast.

With Him your sorrows sleep.
 No longer weep,
O pectora mortalia!
 Sing you the Angel Song,
 Sing loud and long!
 Sing: *In Excelsis Gloria!*

II

SAY, what saw you, Man?
And say, what heard?
*I saw, while Angels sang,
Jesus the Word.*

Saw you aught else, Man?
Aught else heard you?
*I saw the Son of Man,
And the wind blew.*

Saw you beside, Man?
Or heard beside?
*I saw, while murderers mocked,
The Crucified.*

Nay! what is this, Man?
And who is He?
*The Holy Child must die
For you and me.*

Oh! say, Brother! Oh! say, Brother!
What then shall be?
*Home in His Sacred Heart
For you and me.*

Oh! what can we give, Brother!
For such a thing?
*Body and soul, Brother!
To Christ the King.*

CHRISTMAS AND IRELAND

THE golden stars give warmthless fire,
 As weary Mary goes through night:
 Her feet are torn by stone and briar;
 She hath no rest, no strength, no light:
 O Mary, weary in the snow,
 Remember Ireland's woe!

O Joseph, sad for Mary's sake!
 Look on our earthly Mother too:
 Let not the heart of Ireland break
 With agony, the ages through:
 For Mary's love, love also thou
 Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern,
 At Bethlehem, that night of nights.
For you no cheering hearth shall burn:
We have no room here, you no rights.
 O Mary and Joseph! hath not she,
 Ireland, been even as ye?

The ancient David's royal house
 Was thine, Saint Joseph! wherefore she,
 Mary, thine Ever Virgin Spouse,
 To thine own city went with thee.
 Behold! thy citizens disown
 The heir of David's throne!

Nay, more! The Very King of kings
Was with you, coming to his own:
They thrust Him forth to lowliest things;
The poor meek beasts of toil alone
Stood by, when came to piteous birth
The God of all the earth.

And she, our Mother Ireland, knows
Insult, and infamies of wrong:
Her innocent children clad with woes,
Her weakness trampled by the strong:
And still upon her Holy Land
Her pitiless foemen stand.

From Manger unto Cross and Crown
Went Christ: and Mother Mary passed
Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down
Upon the Angel Throne at last.
Thence, Mary! to thine own Child pray,
For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still,
The dew of tears is on her face:
Her wounded heart takes yet its fill
Of desolation and disgrace.
God still is God! And through God she
Foreknows her joy to be.

The snows shall perish at the spring,
The flowers pour fragrance round her feet:

Ah, Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring
This mercy from the Mercy Seat!
Send it, sweet King of Glory, born
Humbly on Christmas Morn!

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I KNOW you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

✓ ASH WEDNESDAY

ASHEN cross traced on brow!
Iron cross hid in breast!
Have power, bring patience, now:
Bid passion be at rest.


O sad, dear, days of Lent!
Now lengthen your gray hours:
If so we may repent,
Before the time of flowers.

Majestical, austere,
The sanctuaries look stern:
All silent! all severe!
Save where the lone lamps burn.

Imprisoned there above
The world's indifferency:
Still waits Eternal Love,
With wounds from Calvary.

Come! mourning companies;
Come! to sad Christ draw near:
Come! sin's confederacies;
Lay down your malice here.

Here is the healing place,
And here the place of peace:
Sorrow is sweet with grace
Here, and here sin hath cease.



THE DARK ANGEL

DARK Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtile violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,
Abides for me undesecrate:
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams
Becomes a gathering place of fears:
Until tormented slumber seems
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,
Or ripples down the dancing sea:
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,
Within the winter silences:
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine,
And thine the steely soul of ice:
Thou poisonest the fair design
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh:
Thou art the adorning of my tomb,
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,
That cannot die, when time is dead:
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,
Eternally uncomfited.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

✓
THE DARKNESS

MASTER of spirits! hear me: King of souls!
I kneel before Thine altar, the long night,
Besieging Thee with penetrable prayers;
And all I ask, light from the Face of God.
Thy darkness Thou hast given me enough,
The dark clouds of Thine angry majesty:
Now give me light! I cannot always walk
Surely beneath the full and starless night.
Lighten me, fallen down, I know not where,
Save, to the shadows and the fear of death.
Thy Saints in light see light, and sing for joy:
Safe from the dark, safe from the dark and cold.
But from my dark comes only doubt of light:
Disloyalty, that trembles to despair.
Now bring me out of night, and with the sun
Clothe me, and crown me with Thy seven stars,
Thy spirits in the hollow of Thine hand.
Thou from the still throne of Thy tabernacle
Wilt come to me in glory, O Lord God!
Thou wilt, I doubt Thee not: I worship Thee
Before Thine holy altar, the long night.
Else have I nothing in the world, but death:
Thine hounding winds rush by me day and night,
Thy seas roar in mine ears: I have no rest,
No peace, but am afflicted constantly,
Driven from wilderness to wilderness.

And yet Thou hast a perfect house of light,
Above the four great winds, an house of peace:
Its beauty of the crystal and the dew,
Guard Angels and Archangels, in their hands
The blade of a sword shaken. Thither bring
Thy servant: when the black night falls on me,
With bitter voices tempting in the gloom,
Send out Thine armies, flaming ministers,
And shine upon the night: for what I would,
I cannot, save these help me. O Lord God!
Now, when my prayers upon Thine altar lie,
When Thy dark anger is too hard for me:
Though vision of Thyself, through flying fire,
Have mercy, and give light, and stablish me!

BEFORE THE CLOISTER

SORROW, O sister Sorrow, O mine own !
 Whither away hast flown ?
 Without thee, fiery is the flowery earth,
 A flaming dance of mirth,
 A marvel of wild music : I grow frail
 Amid the perfumed gale,
 The rushing of desires to meet delights.
 Sweet Queen of holy nights,
 Lady of gray, wise hours ! come back to me :
 Voice of the sighing sea,
 Voice of the ancient wind, infinite voice !
 Thine austere chaunts rejoice
 Mine heart, thine anthems cool me : I grow strong,
 Drinking thy bitter song,
 Rich with true tears and medicinal dew,
 O thou Uranian Muse !
 Come, vestal Lady ! in my vain heart light
 Thy flame, divinely white !
 Come, Lady of the Lilies ! blanch to snow
 My soul through sacred woe !
 Come thou, through whom I hold in memory
 Moonlit Gethsemani :
 Come, make a vesper silence round my ways,
 And mortify my days :
 O Sorrow ! come, through whom alone I keep
 Safe from the fatal sleep :
 Through whom I count the world a barren loss,
 And beautiful the Cross :
 Come, Sorrow ! lest in surging joy I drown,
 To lose both Cross and Crown.

TO A PASSIONIST

CLAD in a vestment wrought with passion-flowers;
 Celebrant of one Passion; called by name
 Passionist: is thy world, one world with ours?
 Thine, a like heart? Thy very soul, the same?

Thou pleadest an eternal sorrow: we
 Praise the still changing beauty of this earth.
 Passionate good and evil, thou dost see:
 Our eyes behold the dreams of death and birth.

We love the joys of men: we love the dawn,
 Red with the sun, and with the pure dew pearly
 Thy stern soul feels, after the sun withdrawn,
 How much pain goes to perfecting the world.

Canst thou be right? Is thine the very truth?
 Stands then our life in so forlorn a state?
 Nay, but thou wrongest us: thou wrong'st our youth,
 Who dost our happiness compassionate.

And yet! and yet! O royal Calvary!
 Whence divine sorrow triumphed through years past:
 Could ages bow before mere memory?
 Those passion-flowers must blossom, to the last.

Purple they bloom, the splendour of a King:
 Crimson they bleed, the sacrament of Death:
 About our thrones and pleasaunces they cling,
 Where guilty eyes read, what each blossom saith.

DOMINICA IN PALMIS

PASSIO cantatur Christi:
Iesu! qui nos redemisti,
Victor mortuus in cruce:
Fac nos solum contemplari
Te, qui solus es amari
Dignus, victor stans in luce.

Israel quem laudant psalmis
Regem celebrantes palmis,
Morti dabunt mox Iudaei:
Tantum vitae largitorem
Teneamus nos amorem
Nostrum, ne maioris rei.

Per Calvariae tremendam
Passionem, semper flendam
Cum Maria desolata:
Pastor bone! Victor vere!
Triumphantem da videre
Te, cum Matre coronata.

CORONA CRUCIS

DEFICIT inter tenebras cor triste:
Unde fulgebit mihi lux petita?
O cor infidum! Nonne dicis, Christe!
Ego sum Via, et Veritas, et Vita.

Via amara Tu, Veritas dura,
Vita difficilis, tremende Deus!
Deliciarum Via, Veritas pura,
Vita vitarum Tu, et amor meus!

Non Te relinquam, carae Dator crucis,
Rex caritatis, Domine dolorum!
Splendet longinqua mihi patria lucis,
Et diadema omnium amorum.

A BURDEN OF EASTER VIGIL

AWHILE meet Doubt and Faith:

For either sigheth and saith,

That He is dead

To-day: the linen cloths cover His Head,

That hath, at last, whereon to rest; a rocky bed.

Come! for the pangs are done,

That overcast the sun,

So bright to-day!

And moved the Roman soldier: come away!

Hath sorrow more to weep? Hath pity more to say?

Why wilt thou linger yet?

Think on dark Olivet;

On Calvary stem:

Think, from the happy birth at Bethlehem,

To this last woe and passion at Jerusalem!

This only can be said:

He loved us all; is dead;

May rise again.

But if He rise not? Over the far main,

The sun of glory falls indeed: the stars are plain.

SURSUM CORDA

Lift up your hearts ! We lift
 Them up
 To God, and to God's gift,
 The Passion Cup.

Lift up your hearts ! Ah, so
 We will:
 Through storm of fire or snow,
 We lift them still.

Lift up your hearts ! your hearts !
 Ah, yes!
 For then a glory parts
 Our cloudiness.

Lift up your hearts ! Good sooth,
 We must:
 Shall they, the arks of truth,
 Lie filled with dust?

Lift up your hearts ! O Christ,
 Thine Heart!
 Broken, sweet Sacrificed !
 By us Thou art.

Lift up your hearts ! oh, high!
 We make
 Wide Wounds to enter by
 In His, we brake.

Lift up your hearts ! Nay, see !
They are
Lifted to His, where He
Is Sun and Star.

Lift up your hearts ! But He
Bows His.
Deeps of our infamy :
There that Heart is !

OLD SILVER

BEHOLD, what thrones of the Most High
Are here within the common mart !
True God hath entered
These crystal-centred,
Silvern stars : Men ! come and buy,
If you have the heart !

Melt down the royal throne, break up
The sanctuary of Deity !
Is then God's glory
So transitory,
Mortal men ? Christ ! is Thy Cup
But a memory ?

IESU COR

QUID, Cor Iesu vulneratum!
 Peccatorem me amasti?
 Iesu mei Cor amatum,
 Cur pro me Te vulnerasti?
 Quare mihi Te indigno
 Prodidisti Te in ligno?

Angelorum Te in coelis
 Collaudabant sanctae voces:
 Trucibus Tu volens telis
 Innocenti Tibi nocēs:
 O quam miris illecebris
 Me vocasti e tenebris!

Tuas meos in amores
 Tu agonias mutasti:
 Et purpureos in flores
 Tua vulnera formasti:
 Sanguinisque Tui fontes
 Animas perfundunt fontes.

Iesu coronatum spinis
 Cor! peccati mei fiat
 Et doloris Tui finis:
 Meum cor Te solum sciat.
 Hominis Tu Cor et Dei:
 Cor Tu Salvatoris mei.

OUR LADY OF THE MAY

O FLOWER of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Thou gavest us the World's one Light of Light:
Under the stars, amid the snows, He lay;

While Angels, through the Galilean night

Sang glory and sang peace:

Nor doth their singing cease,

For thou their Queen and He their King sit crowned
Above the stars, above the bitter snows;

They chaunt to thee the Lily, Him the Rose,

With white Saints kneeling round.

Gone is cold night: thine now are spring and day:

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Thou gavest us the blessed Christmas mirth:

And now, not snows, but blossoms, light thy way;

We give thee the fresh flower-time of the earth.

These early flowers we bring,

Are angels of the spring,

Spirits of gracious rain and light and dew.

Nothing so like to thee the whole earth yields,

As these pure children of her vales and fields,

Bright beneath skies of blue.

Hail, Holy Queen! their fragrant breathings say:

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Breathe from God's garden of eternal flowers

Blessing, when we thy little children pray:

Let thy soul's grace steal gently over ours.

Send on us dew and rain,

That we may bloom again,

Nor wither in the dry and parching dust.

Lift up our hearts, till with adoring eyes,

O Morning Star! we hail thee in the skies,

Star of our hope and trust!

Sweet Star, sweet Flower, there bid thy beauty stay:

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Thou leftest lilies rising from thy tomb:

They shone in stately and serene array,

Immaculate amid death's house of gloom.

Ah, let thy graces be

Sown in our dark hearts! We

Would make our hearts gardens for thy dear care;

Watered from wells of Paradise, and sweet

With balm winds flowing from the Mercy Seat,

And full of heavenly air:

While music ever in thy praise should play,

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Not only for ourselves we plead, God's Flower!

Look on thy blinded children, who still stray,

Lost in this pleasant land, thy chosen Dower!

Send us a perfect spring:
Let faith arise and sing,
And England from her long, cold winter wake.
Mother of Mercy! turn upon her need
Thine eyes of mercy: be there spring indeed:
So shall thine Angels make
A starrier music, than our hearts can say,
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

FLOS FLORUM

LILY, O Lily of the Vallies!
Lily, O Lily of Calvary Hill!
White with the glory of all graces,
Earth with the breath of thy pure soul fill:
Lily, O Lily of the Vallies!
Lily, O Lily of Calvary Hill!

Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden!
Rose of the Paradise: Mystical Rose!
From thickets of the thornless Eden,
Load with rich odour each wind that blows:
Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden!
Rose of the Paradise: Mystical Rose!

CADGWITH

MARY Star of the sea!
Look on this little place:
Bless the kind fisher race,
Mary Star of the sea!

Send harvest from the deep,
Mary Star of the Sea!
Mary Star of the Sea!
Let not these women weep.

Mary Star of the Sea!
Give wife and mother joy
In husband and in boy:
Mary Star of the Sea!

With intercession save,
Mary Star of the Sea!
Mary Star of the Sea!
These children of the wave.

Mary Star of the Sea!
Pour peace upon the wild
Waves, make their murmurs mild:
Mary Star of the Sea!

Now in thy mercy pray,
Mary Star of the Sea!
Mary Star of the Sea!
For sailors far away.

Mary Star of the Sea!
Now be thy great prayers said
For all poor seamen dead:
Mary Star of the Sea!

A DESCANT UPON THE LITANY
OF LORETTO

A FLOOD of chaunted love,
Love white and virginal,
Makes this rich temple gloom more musical,
Than woodland glooms; where slow winds nightly
move
Soft leaves, that rise and fall
Upon the branches of clear nightingales;
Whose rapture, touched with lovelier sorrow, wails,
And thrills, and thrills,
Until night fails;
And, in the sunrise on the eternal hills,
The Angels of the Morning stand,
Blessing with lifted hand
The labouring land:
But here the glory of our holy song,
Sorrowless, flies along
Reaches of Heaven adoring and adored:
Where Angels worship; whither men aspire,
Wielding their faith, a sword
Tempered and tried in fire,

Sorrowless song! for each predestined pang,
 Of Calvary and Nazareth,
 Changed to a passion of delight, when rang
 An universal breath

Of salutation over death cast down:

 When upon Mary's brow the crown,
 For all her lowliness, proclaimed her Queen
 Of Heaven and of our woes: she, who had been
 Woe once incarnate, as high God in her.

 Wherefore the pure concent
 Of each fair voice, found fit to minister
 Its music to her ear,
 Floods, with no underflow of doubt and fear,
 This sacred house: while infinite content
 Urges forgetfulness
 Of that, which makes the Angels' rapture less;
 The passionate countenance,
 Wherewith the Prince of this World still blas-
 phemes

 Against its God, and gleams
 Angrily against Michael's lifted lance,
 Then falls beneath his glance.
 So be not quick to take
 Your death of beauty on this trembling air!

 A little longer yet,
 O voices piercing to the golden stair!
 A little longer, let the world look fair:
 A little longer make
 Anguish of heart, a light thing to forget:
 A little longer yet!
 She will not weary of your harmonies,

The gentle Mother: for her memories
 Are full of ancient melodies,
 Raised in the fashion of old Israel,
 Beside the cold rock well:
 Under the glow of calm and splendid skies;
 Jesus upon her breast,
 Fronting the shadowy land, the solemn west.
 Ah, Mother! whom with many names we name,
 By lore of love, which in our earthly tongue
 Is all too poor, though rich love's heart of flame,
 To sing thee as thou art, nor leave unsung
 The greatest of the graces thou hast won,
 Thy chiefest excellence!
 Ivory Tower! Star of the Morning! Rose
 Mystical! Tower of David, our Defence!
 To thee our music flows,
 Who makest music for us to thy Son.
 So, when the shadows come,
 Laden with all contrivances of fear!
 Ah, Mary! lead us home,
 Through fear, through fire:
 To where with faithful companies we may hear
 That perfect music, which the love of God,
 Who this dark way once trod,
 Creates among the imperishable choir.

OUR LADY OF FRANCE

LEAVE we awhile without the turmoil of the town;
 Leave we the sullen gloom, the faces full of care:
 Stay we awhile and dream, within this place of prayer,
 Stay we, and pray, and dream: till in our hearts die
 down

Thoughts of the world, unkind and weary: till Christ
 crown

Laborious day with love. Hark! on the fragrant air,
 Music of France, voices of France, fall piercing fair:
 Poor France, where Mary's star shines, lest her children
 drown.

Our Lady of France! dost thou inhabit here? Behold,
 What sullen gloom invests this city strange to thee!
 In Seine, and pleasant Loire, thou gloriest from of old;
 Thou rulest rich Provence; lovest the Breton sea:
 What dost thou far from home? *Nay! here my children*
 fold
Their exiled hands in orison, and long for me.

TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS

AH, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of
Christ!

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the
Knights of God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first
trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of
night,

Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the
sight,

They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair
to see!

They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever
He!

SAINT COLUMBA

DEAD is Columba: the world's arch
Gleams with a lighting of strange fires.
They flash and run, they leap and march,
Signs of a Saint's fulfilled desires.

Live is Columba: golden crowned,
Sceptred with Mary lilies, shod
With angel flames, and girded round
With white of snow, he goes to God.

No more the gray eyes long to see
The oakwoods of their Inisfail;
Where the white angels hovering be:
And ah, the birds in every vale!

No more for him thy fierce winds blow,
Iona of the angry sea!
Gone, the white glories of thy snow,
And white spray flying over thee!

Now, far from the gray sea, and far
From sea-worn rocks and sea-birds' cries,
Columba hails the morning star,
That shines in never nighted skies.

High in the perfect Land of Morn,
He listens to the chaunting air:
The Land, where music is not born,
For music is eternal there.

There, bent before the burning Throne,
He lauds the lover of the Gael:
*Sweet Christ! Whom Patrick's children own:
Glory be Thine from Inisfail!*

TO MY PATRONS

THY spear rent Christ, when dead for me He lay:
My sin rends Christ, though never one save He
Perfectly loves me, comforts me. Then pray,
Longinus Saint! the Crucified, for me.

Hard is the holy war, and hard the way:
At rest with ancient victors would I be.
O faith's first glory from our England! pray,
Saint Alban! to the Lord of Hosts, for me.

Fain would I watch with thee, till morning gray,
Beneath the stars austere: so might I see
Sunrise, and light, and joy, at last. Then pray,
John Baptist Saint! unto the Christ, for me.

Remembering God's coronation day;
Thorns, for His crown; His throne, a Cross: to thee
Heaven's kingdom dearer was than earth's. Then pray
Saint Louis! to the King of kings, for me.

Thy love loved all things: thy love knew no stay,
But drew the very wild beasts round thy knee.
O lover of the least and lowest! pray,
Saint Francis! to the Son of Man, for me.

Bishop of souls in servitude astray,
Who didst for holy service set them free:
Use still thy discipline of love, and pray,
Saint Charles! unto the world's High Priest, for me.

A DREAM OF YOUTH

WITH faces bright, as ruddy corn,
 Touched by the sunlight of the morn;
 With rippling hair; and gleaming eyes,
 Wherein a sea of passion lies;
 Hair waving back, and eyes that gleam
 With deep delight of dream on dream;
 With full lips, curving into song;
 With shapely limbs, upright and strong:
 The youths on holy service throng.

Vested in white, upon their brows
 Are wreaths fresh twined from dewy boughs:
 And flowers they strow along the way,
 Still dewy from the birth of day.
 So, to each reverend altar come,
 They stand in adoration: some
 Swing up gold censers; till the air
 Is blue and sweet, with smoke of rare
 Spices, that fetched from Egypt were.

In voices of calm, choral tone,
 Praise they each God, with praise his own:
 As children of the Gods, is seen
 Their glad solemnity of mien:
 So fair a spirit of the skies
 Is in their going: and their eyes
 Look out upon the peopled earth,
 As theirs were some diviner birth:
 And clear and courtly is their mirth.

Lights of the labouring world, they seem:
Or, to the tired, like some fresh stream.
Their dignity of perfect youth
Compels devotion, as doth truth:
So right seems all, they do, they are.
Old age looks wistful, from afar,
To watch their beauty, as they go,
Radiant and free, in ordered row;
And fairer, in the watching, grow.

Fair though it be, to watch unclose
The nestling glories of a rose,
Depth on rich depth, soft fold on fold:
Though fairer be it, to behold
Stately and sceptral lilies break
To beauty, and to sweetness wake:
Yet fairer still, to see and sing,
One fair thing is, one matchless thing:
Youth, in its perfect blossoming.

The magic of a golden grace
Brings fire and sweetness on each face:
Till, from their passage, every heart
Takes fire, and sweetness in the smart:
Till virtue lives, for all who own
Their majesty, in them alone:
Till careless hearts, and idle, take
Delight in living, for their sake;
Worship their footsteps, and awake.

Beside the tremulous, blue sea,
Clear at sunset, they love to be:
And they are rarely sad, but then.
For sorrow touches them, as men,
Looking upon the calm of things,
That pass, and wake rememberings
Of holy and of ancient awe;
The charm of immemorial Law:
What we see now, the great dead saw!

Upon a morn of storm, a swan,
Breasting the cold stream, cold and wan,
Throws back his neck in snowy length
Between his snowy wings of strength:
Against him the swift river flows,
The prouder he against it goes,
King of the waters! For his pride
Bears him upon a mightier tide:
May death not be by youth defied?

But the red sun is gone: and gleams
Of delicate moonlight waken dreams,
Dreams, and the mysteries of peace:
Shall this fair darkness ever cease?
Here is no drear, no fearful Power,
But life grows fuller with each hour,
Full of the silence, that is best:
Earth lies, with soothed and quiet breast,
Beneath the guardian stars, at rest.

At night, behold them! Where lights burn
By moonlit olives, see them turn
Full faces toward the sailing moon,
Nigh lovelier than beneath high noon!
Throw back their comely moulded throats,
Whence music on the night wind floats!
And through the fragrant hush of night
Their lustrous eyes make darkness bright:
Their laugh loads darkness with delight.

Almost the murmuring sea is still:
Almost the world obeys their will.
Such youth moves pity in stern Fates,
And sure death wellnigh dominates:
Their passion kindles such fair flame,
As from divine Achilles came:
A vehement ardour thrills their breasts,
And beauty's benediction rests
On earth, and on earth's goodliest guests.

The music of their sighing parts
A silence: and their beating hearts
Beat to a measure of despair:
Ah! how the fire of youth is fair,
Yet may not be for ever young!
But night hath yielded; there hath sprung
Morning upon the throne of night:
Day comes, with solemnizing light:
Consuming sorrows take to flight.

Magnificent in early bloom,
Like Gods, they triumph over gloom:
All things desirable are theirs,
Of beauty and of wonder, heirs:
Their cities, vassals are, which give
Them thanks and praise, because they live
Strong, they are victors of dismay;
Fair, they serve beauty every day;
Young, the sun loves to light their way.

Where now is death? Where that gray land?
Those fearless eyes, those white brows grand,
That take full sunlight and sweet air
With rapture true and debonair,
These have not known the touch of death!
The world hath winds: these forms have breath.
But, should death come, should dear life set,
Calm would each go: *Farewell! forget*
Me dead: live you serenely yet.

See them! The springing of the palm
Is nought, beside their gracious calm:
The rippling of cool waters dies
To nought, before their clear replies:
The smile, that heralds their bright thought
Brings down the splendid sun to nought.
See them! They walk the earth in state:
In right of perfect youth, held great:
On whom the powers of nature wait.

No sceptre theirs, but they are kings:
Their forms and words are royal things.
Their simple friendship is a court,
Whither the wise and great resort.
No homage of the world, they claim:
But in all places lives their fame.
Sun, moon, and stars; the earth, the sea;
Yea! all things, that of beauty be,
Honour their true divinity.

MASTERY

If thou wouldst be a master, learn the way:
Little thou knowest of that sacred joy,
Which haunts the deep of night, and fills the day,
And makes a warrior of a dreaming boy.

To love the austerity of sea and stars:
To love the multitudes of mighty towns:
To love the hardness of thy prison bars:
This must thou know, or lose the eternal crowns.

Bear to be last, though the world's fools were first;
Endure the wealth and wage, thy service brings:
Wages enough, heart's hunger and soul's thirst,
And blessedness beyond the pride of kings.

Knowest thou this? And holds thy purpose still?
Praise thou thy God, O servant of His Will!

BAGLEY WOOD

THE night is full of stars, full of magnificence:
 Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the
 dark.

Behold, what fires august, what lights eternal! Hark,
 What passionate music poured in passionate love's
 defence!

Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frankincense!
 Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark
 The splendours and the glooms; brings back the
 patriarch,
 Who on Chaldæan wastes found God through reverence.

Could we but live at will upon this perfect height,
 Could we but always keep the passion of this peace,
 Could we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,
 Could we but win earth's heart, and give desire release:
 Then were we all divine, and then were ours by right
 These stars, these nightingales, these scents: then
 shame would cease.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

*Upon reading the poem of that name in the
Underwoods of Mr. Stevenson.*

FAR from the world, far from delight,
Distinguishing not day from night;
Vowed to one sacrifice of all
The happy things, that men befall;
Pleading one sacrifice, before
Whom sun and sea and wind adore;
Far from earth's comfort, far away,
We cry to God, we cry and pray
For men, who have the common day.
Dance, merry world! and sing: but we,
Hearing, remember Calvary:
Get gold, and thrive you! but the sun
Once paled; and the centurion
Said: *This dead man was God's own Son.*
Think you, we shrink from common toil,
Works of the mart, works of the soil;
That, prisoners of strong despair,
We breathe this melancholy air;
Forgetting the dear calls of race,
And bonds of house, and ties of place;
That, cowards, from the field we turn,
And heavenward, in our weakness, yearn?
Unjust! unkind! while you despise
Our lonely years, our mournful cries:

You are the happier for our prayer;
The guerdon of our souls, you share.
Not in such feebleness of heart,
We play our solitary part;
Not fugitives of battle, we
Hide from the world, and let things be:
But rather, looking over earth,
Between the bounds of death and birth;
And sad at heart, for sorrow and sin,
We wondered, where might help begin.
And on our wonder came God's choice,
A sudden light, a clarion voice,
Clearing the dark, and sounding clear:
And we obeyed: behold us, here!
In prison bound, but with your chains:
Sufferers, but of alien pains.
Merry the world, and thrives apace,
Each in his customary place:
Sailors upon the carrying sea,
Shepherds upon the pasture lea,
And merchants of the town; and they,
Who march to death, the fighting way;
And there are lovers in the spring,
With those, who dance, and those, who sing:
The commonwealth of every day,
Eastward and westward, far away.
Once the sun paled; once cried aloud
The Roman, from beneath the cloud:
This day the Son of God is dead!
Yet heed men, what the Roman said?
They heed not: we then heed for them,

The mindless of Jerusalem;
Careless, they live and die: but we
Care, in their stead, for Calvary.
O joyous men and women! strong,
To urge the wheel of life along,
With strenuous arm, and cheerful strain,
And wisdom of laborious brain:
We give our life, our heart, our breath,
That you may live to conquer death;
That, past your tomb, with souls in health,
Joy may be yours, and blessed wealth;
Through vigils of the painful night,
Our spirits with your tempters fight:
For you, for you, we live alone,
Where no joy comes, where cold winds moan:
Nor friends have we, nor have we foes;
Our Queen is of the lonely Snows.
Ah! and sometimes, our prayers between,
Come sudden thoughts of what hath been:
Dreams! And from dreams, once more we fall
To prayer: *God save, Christ keep, them all.*
And thou, who knowest not these things,
Hearken, what news our message brings!
Our toils, thy joy of life forgot:
Our lives of prayer forget thee not.

DE AMICITIA

Beauty of Israel! thou on its high places
Fallen, wonderful in thy love to me!
 King David! we too love with thee
 Dear lovers' faces,
 Infinite friendships, golden graces:
 Hearts passionate, as the full and stirring sea.
 We too have come upon the shining traces
 Of white souls, while we walk this darker earth:
 Celestial was their birth,
 August, and issuing from Uranian races;
 Kin to the morning stars, their choral mirth,
 A matin melody.
 The glory of a crown, gold tried in fire,
 Shadows their brows:
 They know it not, but hungering desire
 For the White City, in their ardent eyes,
 Burns: and the pure palm boughs,
 Holy and stately from their clean hands rise:
 Such brightness and such bravery shall they win!
And this of poor souls red with sin,
Who with the darkness house?
 O thought, unkind, unwise!
 With perfect faith we look within,
 Where the truth lies.
 Dew of the morning and the evening falls,
 Falls cool and sweet, upon the scarlet flames,
 The furnace of each heart:

And through their stormy music, music calls
The wandering children by fond, wistful names,
Dear and apart:
Music with gently pleading claims,
Music descending from glad Sion walls.
Whiter than wool, whiter than snow,
By grace and love, the stained souls grow:
Lilies they stand, who lay so low
In shameful mire of wrong and woe;
Lilies, to fill the Queen of Heaven's fair halls.
Angels of Mercy gently come and go
Between the Sacred Heart and these poor hearts:
Plying their ministrant strong parts,
With love in overflow.
Ah, friends too dear and goodly to be lost!
Though you be tempest-tost
On bitter surges, raised by envious arts
Of the great Unholy Ghost,
Prince of ill Angels, Captain of Hell's host!
Ah, friends of loving voices, and kind hands,
And eyes, that with all confidence accost
Ours in the silent eloquence of love,
As the heart understands!
Our faith above
Our fear prevails,
Driving it into desolate lands.
You to the very far off Land your sails
Have stoutly set:
Whatever adverse and malignant gales
Make you awhile forget
The straight course, and the ever faithful star,

Constant above the winds and waves and war.
Ah, yet
The Land, where all true lovers are,
Shall greet us with celestial hails:
The Land, that lures us from afar;
Land of the Love, that never fails,
The Light, that never pales;
The long, sweet Patience, that allows no let,
Though with disdain her pains be met,
Saying: *They shall be yet*
The captives of the Everlasting Love!
O gracious voice and unoracular!
Dove's voice indeed, but not Dodona's dove.
Wherefore above
Our fear triumphs our faith,
And saith
No word of dark and comfortless regret.
Ah, dear our friends, ours past the mists of death!
Ours, where the loved disciple, great Saint John,
Pillows his head upon
The only rest,
God's Breast!
Ours, in the strength of that enamoured breath,
Which rang from Patmos' exile guest:
God is Love! And of all men he knew best,
Who lay upon that Breast,
And heard the beating of the Heart of God:
Who Calvary trod,
And stood,
With Mary in her mourning Motherhood,
Beneath the Rood.

Friends, whose true care for us is our best proof,
From grace and good we keep not quite aloof!
Dear brother and dear brother,
We shall clasp hands beneath the eternal roof,
And see Saint John the Loved with Mary Mother!
Friends ever, as of old:
But there, with joy untold;
Joy, mightier than our mortal hearts can hold.
But hearts immortal made can never be
Feeble, nor overbold:
Hearts greatly stationed in eternity.
Friends, dear our friends, O fellowship of gold!
By ways of land and sea,
Ways manifold,
Ways marvellous,
Brought near to us!
Since you have found our friendship something worth,
And in our hearts, not a mere dust, nor dearth
Of what your own hearts hold so perfectly,
Courage and constancy:
Bear with us, while we bear the bonds of earth!
Bear with us, for if friendship pine,
Waver and wane,
Not yours, but ours,
Will be the sad fault, the disastrous sign,
Of friendship's drear decline
And drooping flowers:
But you against ourselves will we maintain
Friends without stain,
Of the true line.
Our visions are not vain!

Yours are the crown, the palm, the blessed reign,
The marvellous high strain
Of triumph trumpets blown from Sion walls.
Fair as her lilies you indeed shall stand,
Hand fast in hand,
Along the Queen of Heaven's high halls.
Black wind never yet blew,
Shall whelm and vanquish you
Riding the seas safe homeward to that strand,
Where from of old, though new,
The City of the eternal golden spires,
The valiant City of the Saints, desires
You for her citizens, past seas and fires,
Made white,
Fit for the Angels' and the Saints' delight,
Fit for God's sight.
Amid Seraphic and Uranian quires,
We hear your music celebrate your fight
Well fought, well won:
We know your night
Ended, your everlasting day begun:
We see you splendid in His Living Light,
The Lamb your Sun.
O royal David! we too love, like thee,
Friendship's confederacy:
Friends, than the cedars of Mount Lebanon,
Stronger; than orchards of Isle Avalon,
Fairer: O king! we love, like thee,
Friends, in their charity,
Wonderful: and we know them God's, each one.

FRIENDS

I

O GUARDIAN Angel! Patron Saints!
 You, who have cared for me:
 You, who have borne with all my plaints
 So patiently!

I ask but one thing now: I pray,
 God grant through you, each friend
 Be mine within Eternal Day,
 World without end.

II

POOR powerless Sorrow! Helpless Death!
 Think they to worst me in the end?
 Come when they will, my Faith still saith:
 I face them with a single friend.

Were I alone, I could not fight
 The imperious Powers: I should but fear,
 And tremble in the lonely night,
 With never a friend of all friends near.

But in the eyes of every friend,
 Voice, or the holding of his hand,
 I learn, how love can never end:
 Oh, Heart of God! I understand.

III

THE haunting hopes, the perfect dreams,
The visionary joys, that fill
Mine heart with sudden gracious gleams:
Through friendship they grow clearer still.

Each friend possesses, each betrays,
Some secret of the eternal things:
Each one has walked celestial ways,
And held celestial communings.

The smiles upon their lips are bright
With beauty from the Face of God:
Their eyes keep something of that Light,
Which knows nor pause, nor period.

IV

O PATRON Saints of all my friends!
O Guardian Angels of them all!
With them begins, with them still ends,
My prayer's most passionate call.

You know my voice: you know their names,
That wing so its least selfish tone
Across your white celestial flames,
And up to the White Throne.

Heaven were not Heaven, and they not there;
Heaven were no Heaven, my friends away:
O Saints and Angels! hear the prayer,
I pray you every day.

✓

TO A SPANISH FRIEND

EXILED in America
 From thine own Castilia,
 Son of holy Avila!
 Leave thine endless tangled lore,
 As in childhood to implore
 Her, whose pleading evermore
 Pleads for her own Avila.

Seraph Saint, Teresa burns
 Before God, and burning turns
 To the Furnace, whence she learns
 How the Sun of Love is lit:
 She the Sunflower following it.
 O fair ardour infinite:
 Fire, for which the cold soul yearns!

Clad in everlasting fire,
 Flame of one long, lone desire,
 Surely thou too shalt aspire
 Up by Carmel's bitter road:
 Love thy goal and love thy goad,
 Love thy lightness and thy load,
 Love thy rose and love thy briar.

Leave the false light, leave the vain:
 Lose thyself in Night again,
 Night divine of perfect pain.

Lose thyself, and find thy God,
Through a prostrate period:
Bruise thee with an iron rod;
Suffer, till thyself be slain.

Fly thou from the dazzling day,
For it lights the downward way:
In the sacred Darkness pray,
Till prayer cease, or seem to thee
Agony of ecstasy:
Dead to all men, dear to me,
Live as saints, and die as they.

Stones and thorns shall tear and sting,
Each stern step its passion bring,
On the Way of Perfecting,
On the Fourfold Way of Prayer:
Heed not, though joy fill the air;
Heed not, though it breathe despair:
In the City thou shalt sing.

Without hope and without fear,
Keep thyself from thyself clear:
In the secret seventh sphere
Of thy soul's hid Castle, thou
At the King's white throne shalt bow:
Light of Light shall kiss thy brow,
And all darkness disappear.

PAX CHRISTI

NIGHT has her Stars, and Day his Sun : they pass,
Stars of the Night! it fades, Sun of the Day!
Soft rose leaves lie upon the beaten grass,
Till the wind whirl them, with itself, away.

Eyes have their fill of light : in every voice
Lives its own music : but the dear light pales,
The golden music perishes. What choice,
What choice is ours, but tears? For the world fails.

O Sun and Stars ! O glory of the rose !
O eyes of light, voices of music ! I
Have mourned, because all beauty fails, and goes
Quickly away : and the whole world must die.

Yet, Sun and Stars ! Yet, glory of the rose !
Yet, eyes of light, voices of music ! I
Know, that from mortal to immortal goes
Beauty: in triumph can the whole world die.

BEYOND

ALL was for you: and you are dead.
For, came there sorrow, came there splendour,
You still were mine, and I yours only:
Then on my breast lay down your head,
Triumphant in its dear surrender:
One were we then: though one, not lonely.

Oh, is it you are dead, or I?
Both! both dead, since we are asunder:
You, sleeping: I, for ever walking
Through the dark valley, hard and dry.
At times I hear the mourning thunder:
And voices, in the shadows, talking.

Dear, are there dreams among the dead:
Or is it all a perfect slumber?
But I must dream and dream to madness.
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:
Yet see they sorrows without number,
Waiting upon one perfect sadness.

So long, the melancholy vale!
So full, these weary winds, of sorrow!
So harsh, all things! For what counts pity?
Still, as each twilight glimmers pale
Upon the borders of each morrow,
I near me to your sleeping city.

DE PROFUNDIS

WOULD, that with you I were imparadised,
 White Angels around Christ !
 That, by the borders of the eternal sea
 Singing, I too might be :
 Where dewy green the palm trees on the strand,
 Your gentle shelter, stand :
 Where reigns the Victor Victim, and His Eyes
 Control eternities !
 Immortally your music flows in sweet
 Stream round the Wounded Feet ;
 And rises to the Wounded Hands ; and then
 Springs to the Home of Men,
 The Wounded Heart : and there in flooding praise
 Circles, and sings, and stays.
 My broken music wanders in the night,
 Faints, and finds no delight :
 White Angels ! take of it one piteous tone,
 And mix it with your own !
 Then, as He feels your chaunting flow less clear,
 He will but say : *I hear*
The sorrow of My child on earth ! and send
 Some fair, celestial friend,
 One of yourselves, to help me : and you will,
 Choirs of the Holy Hill,
 Help me, who walk in darkness, far away
 From your enduring day :
 Who have the wilderness for home, till morn
 Break, and my day be born ;
 And on the Mount of Myrrh burn golden white
 Light from the Light of Light.

AT THE BURIAL OF CARDINAL MANNING

VICTOR in Roman purple, saint and knight,
In peace he passes to eternal peace:
Triumph so proud, knew not Rome's ancient might;
She knew not to make poor men's sorrow cease:
For thousands, ere he won the holiest home,
Earth was made homelier by this Prince of Rome.

TO THE DEAD OF '98

I

GOD rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead !
Peace be upon you shed,
Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified,
You, who for Ireland died !
Soft fall on you the dewes and gentle airs
Of interceding prayers,
From lowly cabins of our ancient land,
Yours yet, O Sacred Band !
God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought
Was His; the end you sought,
His; from His altar fires you took your flame,
Hailing His Holy Name.
Triumphantly you gave yourselves to death :
And your last breath
Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh to Him,
As the loved land grew dim.

II

And still, blessed and martyr souls ! you pray
In the same faith this day :
From forth your dwelling beyond sun and star,
Where only spirits are,
Your prayers in a perpetual flight arise,
To fold before God's Eyes
Their tireless wings, and wait the Holy Word
That one day shall be heard.
*Not unto us, they plead, Thy goodness gave
Our mother to unslave ;
To us Thou gavest death for love of her :
Ah, what death lovelier ?
But to our children's children give to see
The perfect victory !
Thy dead beseech Thee : to Thy living give
In liberty to live !*

TRENTALS

NOW these lovers twain be dead,
 And together buried:
 Masses only shall be said.
 Hush thee, weary melancholy!
 Music comes, more rich and holy:
 Through the aged church shall sound
 Words, by ancient prophets found;
 Burdens in an ancient tongue,
 By the fasting Mass-priest sung.

Gray, without, the autumn air:
 But pale candles here prepare,
 Pale as wasted golden hair.
 Let the quire with mourning descant
 Cry: *In pace requiescant!*
 For they loved the things of God.
 Now, where solemn feet have trod,
 Sleep they well: and wait the end,
 Lover by lover, friend by friend.

VISIONS

I

EACH in his proper gloom;
 Each in his dark, just place:
 The builders of their doom
 Hide, each his awful face.

Not less than saints, are they
 Heirs of Eternity:
 Perfect, their dreadful way;
 A deathless company.

Lost! lost! fallen and lost!
 With fierce wrath ever fresh:
 Each suffers in the ghost
 The sorrows of the flesh.

O miracle of sin!
 That makes itself an home,
 So utter black within,
 Thither Light cannot come!

O mighty house of hate!
 Stablished and guarded so,
 Love cannot pass the gate,
 Even to dull its woe!

Now, Christ compassionate!
 Now, bruise me with thy rod:
 Lest I be mine own fate,
 And kill the Love of God.

II

O PLACE of happy pains,
And land of dear desires!
Where Love divine detains
Glad souls among sweet fires.

Where sweet, white fires embrace
The red-scarred, red-stained soul:
That it may see God's Face,
Perfectly white and whole.

While with still hope they bear
Those ardent agonies:
Earth pleads for them, in prayer
And wistful charities.

O place of patient pains,
And land of brave desires!
Us now God's Will detains
Far from those holy fires.

Us the sad world rings round
With passionate flames impure:
We tread an impious ground,
And hunger, and endure:

That, earth's ordeal done,
Those white, sweet fires may fit
Us for our home, and One,
Who is the Light of it.

III

SINCE, O white City! I may be,
I, a white citizen of thee:
I claim no saint's high grace
Mine, but a servant's place.

I think not vainly to become
A king, who knew no martyrdom:
Nor crown, nor palm, I crave;
But to be Christ's poor slave.

Angels! before the Lord of lords,
Shine forth, His spiritual swords!
Flash round the King of kings
The snow of your white wings!

But I, too fresh from the white fire,
Humble the dreams of all desire:
Nay! let me shine afar,
Who am Heaven's faintest star.

Upon the eternal borders let
My still too fearful soul be set:
There wait the Will of God,
A loving period.

Closer I dare not come, nor see
The Face of Him, Who died for me
*Child! thou shalt dwell apart:
But in My Sacred Heart.*

WINCHESTER CLOSE

HOLY have been the wanderings here : and here
 The beauty hath been shown, of holiness.
 Nine hundred years ago, Frithstan the Saint
 Put off his mitre, in a rough cowl hiding
 The snows of age and care, to go at eve
 Among the quiet graves with orison.
 The sun fell, and the gentle winds made stir.
 By graves, ah! by how many graves, he went,
 Old in war's day : then said he : *Requiem*
Æternam dona eis, Domine !
 Eternal rest, eternal rest, O Lord !
 Give Thou these dead. The heart of earth, the hearts
 Of poor dead, lapped in earth, heard : slowly grew
 A murmur, and a gathering thunder ; slowly
 Beneath his feet grew voices of the dead.
 And faint, each voice : but sounding as one sea,
 Together cried the ghostly multitude,
 Cried hungrily to that great prayer : *Amen !*
 Immeasurably surged the *Amen* : till sank
 Softly away the voices of the dead,
 Softly : they slept in the cold earth once more
 The stilly sleep, glad to have cried that cry.
 Frithstan's white face thrilled upward to his God.

IN HONOREM B. V. M. DE WINTON
MARTYRUMQUE WICCAMICORUM.

MARTYRES olim validi,
Fratresque vos Wiccamici!
Coelicolae qui vivitis,
Orate pro Wiccamicis.

Per Fundatoris insciam
Oblivii memoriam:
Date preces pro fratribus,
Ne confundamur ocius.

Saevior vobis erat mors:
At vitae immortalis sors
Vos inter choros posuit,
Quos Deus ipse reficit.

Deliciis fruimini:
Nunc igitur propitii
In valle laborantibus,
Fundite lumen clarius.

Quid valet furor Gentium?
Cohortes Immortalium
Draconis vincent copias:
Nunquam labavit Veritas.

Et iuventutis memores
Delectat vos segura spes:
Augebitur vis Fidei
Ad voluntatem Wiccami.

Quam dulce nomen consonat
Domus! Et nostra superat
Domus terrestres caeteras:
O domus dulcis! floreas.

Quae pariter amavimus:
Mons Catharinae pedibus
Vestris erat amabilis;
Lapsusque Ichini gracilis.

Vobisque cara claustra sunt,
Sacro quae cantu perstrepunt:
Et coluistis mortuos
Antiquitus Wiccamicos.

Vos autem non Wiccamica,
Sed Urbs coelorum mystica
Perpetuos amplectitur
Cives: et vox exoritur:

Vox Angelorum carmine
Qui Sion stant in limine:
Vos circum adorantes stant,
Et triumphantes celebrant.

Quantus nam ignis vere vos
Fons testabatur aureos!
Quanta nox mortis animas
Inveniebat lucidas!

Per Crucifixi Sanguinem,
Per vitam Matris humilem:
Monstrate Matris gloriam,
Et Crucifixi regiam.

Maria! nonne Mater es?
Filios audi supplices:
Misericors in miseros,
Pacis ad vias trahe nos!

Agimus tibi gratias,
Salus et Lux! gratissimas:
Quae Domum tui nominis
Amore tuo protegis.

Antiquas super ianuas
Etiamnum veneranda stas:
Tuis tui vae! nesciis
Arx et coelorum Porta sis.

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